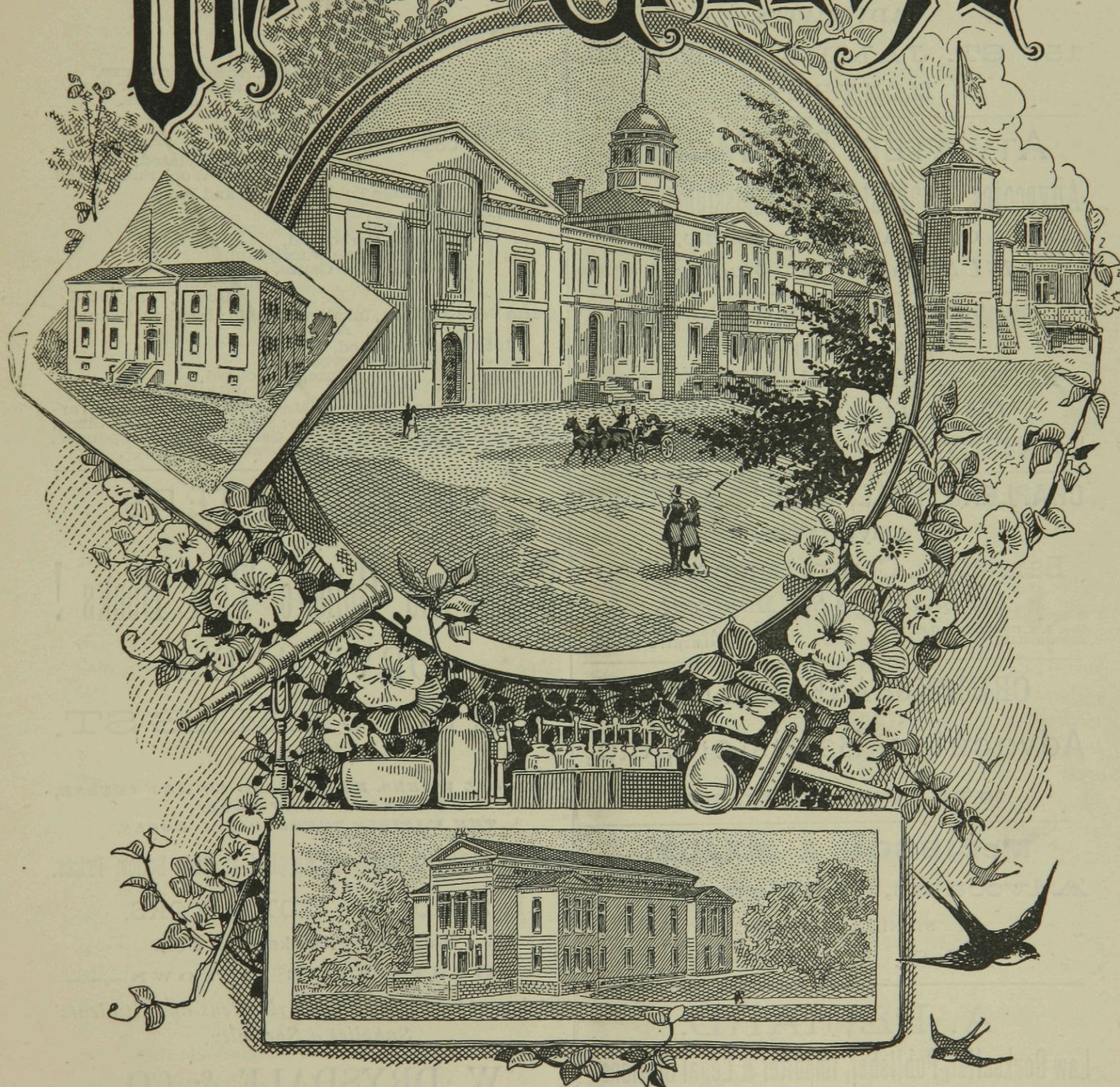


# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE



1887-88

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# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

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[No. 9.]

## University Gazette.

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The UNIVERSITY GAZETTE will be published fortnightly during the College Session.

Rejected communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

All communications may be addressed to the Editors, P. O. Box 1290.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
EDITORIALS - - - - -	103-105
POETRY - - - - -	105
CONTRIBUTIONS - - - - -	106-110
MCGILL NEWS - - - - -	111
SOCIETIES - - - - -	111-112
PERSONALS - - - - -	113
EXCHANGES - - - - -	113
CORRESPONDENCE - - - - -	113-114

### Editorials.

An article was sent in for publication in our last issue which, as it stood, we deemed unsuitable, and applied the editorial pencil very freely. We should have carried the pruning process further, and excluded a reference which, we are extremely sorry might have been taken amiss by a member of the teaching body, who holds the very highest esteem of the profession and students.

At the same time, we cannot understand how it could be thought that the GAZETTE would make any wilful reflection on any one of the attainments and manners of the gentleman referred to.

### THE UNIVERSITY.

The University Annual Report is before us. It has a tone of satisfaction with the work of the past year and of encouragement for the future. In recent years the reports have announced so many endowments and gifts that their absence from this one is a little disappointing, especially when taken with the enumeration of the University's needs. The financial outlook is not so promising as friends could wish. It necessitates a "rigid economy" and prevents indulging hope of immediate advance in supplying the deficiencies in the work. It is regrettable that the authorities are so hampered when they have in mind the need of a further endowment of chairs, of a building for the science faculty, of a college dining hall, a convocation hall and better accommodation for the classes for women. They are also waiting for means to make provision for political science, for classes in voice-culture, and hygiene, for education in fine art, for additional gymnastic facilities and fuller provision for some departments of practical science, with the ultimate object of granting degrees in this subject. It is more than unfortunate—it is unfair—that an institution should have such a list of wants, and no immediate prospect of having them met, when it is making so great an effort to give students a training, to stimulate and aid industrial and professional pursuit and be a centre for literary and scientific culture. It is on individual energy, self-sacrifice and generosity that McGill is entirely dependent. The general Government gives no grant to higher education. What is obtained from the province is given back as scholarships. But in spite of all this, the report has a pardonable pride in the advancement of certain courses, notably, chemistry and botany. These are pointed out as an instance of the good effect of efficient instruction and suitable appliances. The botany, however, owes its "remarkable progress" less to the appliances than to the instruction, for the report calls for additional space and instruments. Special stress is laid upon the evidence of public approval because the Donalda special course is meeting a "real educational want." The death of Mr. Baynes is spoken of with feeling, and the new appointments discussed. There is no favorable issue to announce as to the adjustment of the relations between the University and the professional bodies.



The case remains as stated in the principal's university lecture, and the report has a good digest of the claims of the Protestant minority. The graduates are appealed to, especially in medicine and in law, to aid in a definite adjustment.

Along with this candour as to the needs of the University, there is a modesty as to its progress which must not be misunderstood. Indeed, this progress has been so rapid and so firm that a more sanguine tone might have been adopted with full justice. The condition of every department warrants a full confidence in the future of McGill. At the close of last session eighty-five degrees were granted, and the number of students now number 639, as against 552 in '86.

### CIRCULARS AND COLLEGE ELECTIONS.

In our last issue we published a series of resolutions by graduates in Applied Science resident in Chicago, condemning certain circulars sent them by candidates. We published at the same time Mr. Burland's circular that our readers might see what it contained. Our own opinion of it is that no objection could be taken to it: it was, in fact, neither more nor less than a statement that he was a candidate for re-election. We have now secured a copy of Mr. Torrance's circular, and are able to understand what the Chicago men meant by "the spirit of self-advertisement," by "the ward-politician manner of conducting the election," by "the misleading circulars issued to the Graduates at a distance." We wish to be perfectly fair in this matter, and to that end we here publish the two circulars for comparison.

#### MR. BURLAND'S CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—My term of office as Representative Fellow in Applied Science, to the Corporation of McGill University, expires on 1st May next. I had determined not to again appear as a candidate for that honor, but as a number of Graduates in Applied Science desire me to present myself for re-election, I have decided to do so.

If you favour my candidature, please sign the enclosed blank and return to A. P. Lowe, B.A.Sc., Geological Survey, Ottawa.

Yours truly,

JEFFREY H. BURLAND.

#### MR. TORRANCE'S CIRCULAR.

THE DOMINION SAFETY BOILER Co.,  
P. O. Box 1707.

Montreal, February, 1888.

J. F. TORRANCE, M.E.  
MANAGER.

DEAR SIR,—

I feel sorry to be compelled to call your careful attention to the circumstances attending the present election of a Representative Fellow in Science. The simple facts are as follows:—

At an adjourned meeting of Graduates in Applied Science, held on the 14th inst., it was found that the nomination papers of Mr. Burland and myself were signed by precisely equal numbers

of graduates. (Please find copy enclosed.) In order to avoid all the annoyance and scandal of a close contest, I proposed then that we should both withdraw, and unite in supporting one of Mr. Burland's own supporters; but he could not make up his mind to sacrifice himself in this way for the sake of harmony and good-will among the graduates. As this contest is forced upon me, I feel compelled to state the facts plainly, and then leave our fellow-graduates to judge between us.

Mr. Burland obtained the signatures to his nomination paper, and now asks for your support "owing to the efficient manner in which he filled the office" for the past term. What are the facts? Many of our prominent graduates of all the Faculties were present at the special meeting of the Graduates' Society, held on the 12th December, to consider the question of altering the present mode of election, so as to permit the graduates of each Faculty to elect their own men. The voice of the meeting was almost unanimously in favor of such a change, and a resolution in that sense was passed without division. Mr. Burland was present, and he declared that he only wished to know what the graduates really wanted. The speeches of Doctors Mills and Shepherd, Messrs. C. J. Doherty, G. W. Stephens and Wilfred Skaife clearly showed what the wishes of all the Faculties are, endorsed as they were by the undivided vote of the meeting.

But, on the very next day, Mr. Burland deliberately cast his vote as Representative Fellow against this change. Now he has the magnificent modesty to ask the members of the Graduates' Society and their fellow-graduates to give him the opportunity of misrepresenting them for two years longer.

Altogether apart from this, it seems to require no argument to demonstrate that an engineer busy in his profession must inevitably prove a more valuable adviser on questions of technical education than a man otherwise engaged. And this is the chief function of our Representative Fellows in Applied Science. I may add that efficient technical education is a matter of very grave importance to our City and our Dominion.

Under the circumstances, I have no hesitation in asking for your support by both vote and influence.

Let me respectfully impress upon you the necessity of qualifying *yourself* immediately by remitting the fee of fifty cents (or the commutation of Five Dollars) to the Registrar, McGill University. No voting papers are issued until this fee is paid. And I do not ask for the support of any graduate who is not sufficiently interested in old McGill to exercise his franchise at his own expense.

I remain, yours obediently,

J. FRASER TORRANCE, A.B., B.A. Sc.

*Mining Engineer.*

We ask every graduate of the University to give his conscientious opinion as to which is the more manly and candid statement of the case.

In the interest of truth and honest dealing, we "feel sorry to be compelled" to follow Mr. Torrance through his circular and show that it is a deliberate attempt to deceive the graduates.

The first meeting of Graduates in Applied Science was held on the 9th of February: at that meeting Mr. Burland was nominated by a *majority* of Science graduates. In all justice that meeting should have declared him the choice of Science men. Did they do so? No, Mr. Torrance in the magnanimity of his soul, finding himself in a minority, offered to withdraw if Mr. Burland would do so! Ordinary men will find it not a little difficult to understand why the defeated candidate should not have stepped out manfully and gracefully. But Mr. Torrance is not an ordinary man: he immediately expresses his great desire to "avoid the annoyance and scandal of a close contest."



So far as the annoyance is concerned he is likely to feel that most himself, and that too because the contest won't be close by any means; and as regards the scandal he probably holds that any evidence of interest in college matters is so foreign to the dignity and self-composure of McGill as to amount to a scandal. Mr. Burland's answer to this request was,—give me time to consider. The meeting was consequently adjourned for that specific purpose. Under the circumstances, this was very natural; he was elected in 1886 by the largest vote ever polled in any of our University elections. He was nominated by a majority of Science graduates at the meeting on the 9th. He was opposed by the very same wire pullers who objected to his election last term, and whose opposition did not cease with their defeat, but prompted them to introduce a petition for a change in the regulations, not for any benefit that would accrue to the University or Science faculty, but in order to narrow Mr. Burland's constituency down to what they thought controllable limits; however, even as "engineers busy in their profession" they failed to accomplish their object. But to make it impossible for Mr. Burland to retire, his opponents go to work after the meeting of the 9th and drum up additional names for Mr. Torrance's nomination, and at the adjourned meeting held on the 14th, to receive Mr. Burland's answer as to whether his supporters would allow him to retire, they insist on opening the ballot for the purpose of adding these names, *secured in the interval*, to reduce Mr. Burland's majority, a proceeding only worthy of ward politicians, as the nomination was absolutely closed on the 9th.

This is how "the contest is forced upon" Mr. Torrance, and why "he could not sacrifice himself for the sake of harmony and good-will among the Graduates."

Further on Mr. Torrance asserts that Mr. Burland asks for support, "owing to the efficient manner in which he filled the office." He does nothing of the kind, Mr. Torrance; read his circular; you must have been planning and composing your own circular for 1891, but don't trouble, you won't need one. Why will Mr. Torrance persist in distorting facts? Will he undertake to say that at the meeting on the 12th December, to which he refers, there were a dozen votes cast in favor of the proposed change in the election of Fellows? If he will, we will undertake to prove there were not. We recognize the value of the opinions of the gentlemen mentioned, but do they represent the wishes of all the faculties? We venture to say no, for there are hosts of graduates who hold directly opposite opinions.

Mr. Torrance's circular viewed in the light of the true facts of the case, is in its terms an exhibition of unparalleled presumption, for he (Mr. Torrance), in his "magnificent modesty," deems himself "sighing that nature formed but one such man," the very embodiment of all essential knowledge developed in its highest and most arrogant form, therefore eminently fitted for the position he aspires to fill.

Paragraph number five of this precious circular tells us who Mr. Torrance is: "an engineer busy in his profession"—the manager of "The Dominion Safety Boiler Company," therefore a man eminently qualified to instruct the graduates in their duty to McGill.

## Poetry.

### A PAIR OF GEESE.

#### I.

They're the veriest pair of geese I ever knew,  
Are these two,  
As they nestle in the sunshine, wing to wing,  
Queen and King  
Of an empire of delight, and of youth,  
Love and truth,  
He with blue eyes into hers looking down—  
Hers are brown—  
While their elders hiss as loud as they dare  
At the pair.

#### II.

Notwithstanding he's a goose, not a bird  
Ever heard,  
Neither nightingale nor lark, no, nor thrush,  
Has so lush  
A love song as his own, nor so choice,  
When his voice  
For the sweet one at his side he doth raise  
In her praise—  
Such a foolish little goose that she is,  
To be his.

#### III.

Do the dullards honor him for his song?  
They are wrong:  
'Tis the goose and not the gander they should praise  
For the lays.  
He's the harp and she's the harper, and she brings  
From the strings  
Strains that fill him with surprise that her art  
Should impart  
To so ill-attuned a lyre melodies  
Such as these.

#### IV.

Yet this youthful pair of geese often fight,  
Hiss and bite,  
Over trifles light as air—not a few  
Lovers do,  
For the sake of making up, I suppose,  
No one knows—  
Yet woe to him who comes in between  
King and Queen,  
For they'll peck him nigh to death ere they cease,  
Will these geese.

#### V.

"And this loving pair of geese, who are they?  
Tell me pray."  
Surely, Sweet, there is no need to tell who:  
One is you,  
And the other....pardon me?....Do you not?  
Why, I thought  
That you really were in love.....You deny!  
So do I.—  
And there is no pair of geese, and my tale—  
What avail?

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.



## Contributions.

## A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY NIHIL V. ERIUS.

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"I know the whole story," she said, "and despise him, as you should. But though you recognize his sins, you love him still, and——" here her fortitude gave way, and, throwing herself upon the couch, Edith burst into a fit of violent weeping.

At this juncture Bertha entered the room.

"What! you here?" she said to Lizzie. "I should have thought you had left the house by this time."

"Why?" asked Lizzie, turning pale at the unkind words.

Bertha shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh! well, to-day or to-morrow; it does not matter much," she said; "in the meantime, you are not wanted here. I will attend to Miss James."

No persuasion, no threats, even, could draw from Edith any explanation for her tears, or any account of what Lizzie had told her. She insisted upon going home, and persisted in her resolve in spite of the advice of Bertha and Alice, who had joined them. Alice determined to accompany her, and Charley was dragged in as an unwilling escort. Peter volunteered himself through Charley, but Edith flew into such a passion at the idea, that his name was instantly withdrawn. Charley shrugged his shoulders, and was rather glad than otherwise, for, like everyone else, he was a little shy of Peter just then.

Undoubtedly, Peter was under a cloud.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, Love! oh, fire! once he drew  
With one long kiss, my whole soul through  
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew."—*Tennyson.*

When the guests had departed, Bertha summoned Lizzie, and began to question her. But her questions were vain, and Lizzie chose rather to lie under the worst of suspicions than break her word to Peter—that she would never betray their relationship as sweethearts.

To Bertha's reiterated demands for an explanation, she only murmured—"Oh! you are pitiless," and then she threw herself upon the sofa, sobbing violently. Bertha crossed the room and locked the door, putting the key in her pocket. Then she approached Lizzie, and putting her hand upon the girl's shoulder, said to her—

"I have locked the door, and you shall not leave the room until you have answered my question."

"I am innocent of any wrong," wept Lizzie. "That is all I can tell you. If you have a spark of pity in your heart let me go, or I shall go mad!"

She rose, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and

staggered towards the door, which she vainly tried to open. Then she turned towards Bertha—

"The key—the key!" she said. "Quick! let me go, my brain is on fire!"

Bertha stepped towards her, and, laying her hand on Lizzie's wrist, replied—

"Yes, the key; give me the key to this mystery, and you may go into oblivion for all I care."

So saying, she rudely withdrew Lizzie's hand from the door-handle, and the two once more stood face to face.

Lizzie passed her hand across her forehead, throwing back the mass of hair that hid her brow—

"Father," she said, wistfully, "father, where are you? Little Lizzie wants you now."

And then she swayed, and with a gasp fell forward at Bertha's feet.

The hard-set face of the society girl changed in an instant. Her woman's heart had got the mastery again, and hastily calling assistance, she had Lizzie carried to her room.

Prompt measures saved her from a severe illness, but when she boarded the train for Prankville a few days afterwards, there were few people who would have recognized in her the once merry daughter of farmer Tilton.

She wrote a formal letter to Peter, releasing him from any implied promises, and settled down to the drudgery of home life. Her father heard her story with great agitation, but she carefully veiled her own feelings, and led him to believe that she had forgotten Peter. Mr. Forbes, to whom she unbosomed herself even more freely than to her father, set himself to work to make her life as pleasant as possible. He became a boarder with the Tilton's, and his slender stipend, added to their own, kept them from want, and made it unnecessary for Lizzie to go to service again. When Bolton heard his sister's story, his face grew livid with passion, and he swore it would go hard with Peter whenever they should meet. But it was destined to be some time before the meeting should take place, for Peter did not visit his home, except for a day or two, for over a year, and his visits always chanced to be when Bolton was away.

Matters at Prankville dropped back into their usual routine with Lizzie and her people. Mr. Forbes often took her for country walks, and told her tales of the plants and the birds that they met with. He had a lesson to teach in everything, but never thrust it offensively before her. He showed her the deserted nests, but also pointed out the new ones being built. He spoke of the fading flowers, only to suggest to her that the seeds lay ripening within. And in the autumn, when the ice-encased boughs were being torn from the trees by the wind, he only spoke of the added beauty and sturdiness the trees would have now that the superfluous and weak branches had been pruned away. Often in the summer evenings, when the cattle were drinking from the stream, Mr. Forbes, Lizzie, and her parents would take their places under a spreading maple on the bank, and spend the hours in conversation and music. Mr. Tilton was growing feebler every day, and Mrs. Tilton more querulous, and Lizzie had no easy task in caring for them.



Bolton absented himself more and more, and it began to be whispered about that he was engaged in illicit distilling, though where his still was no one seemed to know. Whatever he was engaged in, it brought him in money, which, however, disappeared in some unaccountable way.

Mr. Forbes received a letter from the city one day and after considerable deliberation, he made known his resolve to go to town.

Lizzie followed him as he left the room, and timidly asked him if anything was wrong.

"What!" he said, angrily, "do you still care for that selfish fellow?"

She slipped her hand into his as she said—

"Now, don't be angry with me. But it must be something important that will take you to the city."

"Well, child," he replied, the cloud clearing from his brow, "it is something important, but it does not concern Peter particularly. Tell me," he continued, wistfully, "will you ever forget him, or has he ruined your life entirely?"

The girl shook her head sadly—

"He has not ruined my life. Only I do not think I shall ever—ever love again as I loved him. There are no ideals now in my life, except you."

"And what ideal am I?" he asked, eagerly, looking down into her young face with a look that made her eyes fall before it.

She toyed with the button of his well-worn broad-cloth coat as she replied—

"Kindness—and firmness—and—goodness—and strength. Do you know," she added, "I wanted to go to you when—when I was so unhappy."

"Thank heaven for that!" he exclaimed; "I am glad you know that if ever you are in trouble there is one man you can come to, who will protect and comfort you so far as it lies in his power. But there, there, you will be laughing at me for an old fool when I am gone."

There was nobody near, and she stood looking into his face so innocently that he were more than human if he did not take advantage of the circumstance and his quasi-guardianship over the girl and kiss her. At least, he did kiss her suddenly, and hurried away, leaving her standing with the blush still upon her cheek. Indeed, the blush seemed persistent, and even increased, as she stood there looking after the departing form of the schoolmaster as he walked up the road. Whatever her thoughts were, they stirred her very deeply, and instead of returning to her parents she sought her own room, and opening the window, sat down and let the cool breezes play against her cheeks.

As Mr. Forbes proceeded towards Mr. Simson's farm-house, for he was bound thither, he muttered to himself, and shook his head over something in a manner highly amusing to the squirrels, that ran in and out of the fences after him, with the mercenary view of getting the nuts he was wont to bring them. But their rudeness had its own reward, for he completely ignored them in spite of their angry chirping. "Tut, tut, John Forbes," he said to himself, "what were you thinking of when you did that? You had

your day of happiness once, and you *know* it never comes twice."

Whatever Mr. Forbes was thinking of, we have no right to play the squirrel and follow him. He reached the farm-house of Mr. Simson, and was closeted with that gentleman for some hours. Then he returned to the cottage, and made all his arrangements for departure next morning. He met Lizzie in the evening, and for the first time there was a constraint between them, which he set down to his hasty kiss, and blamed himself for most earnestly in his thoughts.

Upon his arrival in the city he at once proceeded to the office of Mr. James, and here, again, there was a long and earnest discussion. Whatever it was about, Mr. Forbes seemed well pleased, and took possession, with evident satisfaction, of several documents given him by an attorney, whom he had met by agreement at Mr. James' office.

After the attorney departed, Mr. James congratulated his old friend, and said—

"Is it not about time, Mr. Forbes, that you gave up your school and rejoined us in the city? Surely you will teach no more, now?"

Mr. Forbes laughed nervously.

"I don't know," he said; "I am contented in Prankville, and besides," he added, "I am a little king among the good people there, while here I should be nobody."

"I am afraid you have found a wild rose there that consoles you in your exile," said Mr. James.

"Tut, tut, don't talk nonsense," rejoined Mr. Forbes, testily; "a man of my age to find any wild roses!"

"At your age?" said Mr. James, heartily. "Ha, ha, I like that. Why, man, you've not reached the forties yet."

"There are more ways of growing old than with years," was the reply.

"Well, well, have it so, if you wish. By-the-bye, Forbes," and Mr. James' face grew grave, "that lad?"

"What lad?"

"Young Simson, that you sent to me. I suppose you want to know how he is getting on here; or does he keep you posted? Perhaps he would not tell you as much as I would about himself."

Mr. Forbes was silent, and his companion continued—

"There has been one mystery about him that I did not like. At my friend Hartley's, recently, he was recognized, or, at least, I judge so, by a very pleasant girl. I have tried to get an explanation from him, but all he could say was that he had never seen the girl before, and she must have mistaken him for some one else. I had no reason to disbelieve him, as there was no especial scene, and the girl certainly did not claim to know him, so I have not felt quite justified in doing anything in the matter. Has he told you of the affair?"

Mr. Forbes rose, and began excitedly pacing the room.

"I will tell you the truth," he said. "It was his sweetheart whom he denied to you. Your city air has done that for him! Wild flowers are fit for



rustics now, not for him. He is of the city, and has dropped in his upward flight everything that might hinder him, even the heart that trusted him!"

With vehement words the schoolmaster related Peter's history in so far as it showed his connection with Lizzie. When he had finished, Mr. James said—

"I am glad you have warned me of him. He is a lad of great intelligence, and I had given him the run of my house. From this out he shall never enter it again." To himself he added—"Heaven send my little one has not given him her heart!"

"Where is Peter now?" asked Mr. Forbes. "I will make him confess the truth in your presence!"

"Peter is probably not here. He was to have left for a fishing trip to some lake near Prankville to-day, and Charley with him. I would not bother with him, Forbes. I, of course, believe your tale. You must know the girl well," he added, "since you seem so put out about his conduct?"

"No, no, no," replied Mr. Forbes, quickly. "I only know the girl slightly. Her people are very respectable. I'm not very much interested; only, he was a pupil of mine, and I'm ashamed of him."

"Well, will you come up to dine with me?" asked Mr. James. "I want you to see Mrs. James and the girls."

Mr. Forbes accepted the invitation; and, for the first time in many years, the poet-souled schoolmaster mixed with his equals. The girls had grown to womanhood now, and blushed as he congratulated them, in his old-fashioned way, upon their appearance. He was a man who won the affection and confidence of all he met, and when he left next day for Prankville they all saw him off regretfully.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*"Es gingen drei Jäger wohl auf die Birsch,  
Sie wollten erjagen den weissen Hirsch.  
Sie legten sich unter den Tannenbaum."*

Mr. James was right when he said he thought Peter and Charley had gone to the lakes near Prankville. They took a companion with them, a college mate of Peter's, noted for his lightness of heart, and arrived in Prankville in the afternoon, and drove out with "Fighting Tom," who had been written to to meet them, as far as that worthy's house, which was about four miles from the first of the chain of lakes. All three slept in the one room, and Charley, for the first time, began his experience of roughing it. From eight until nine the young fellows talked over their plans for the campaign, and then rolled over to go to sleep. But from nine to ten was the hymn-singing hour of "Fighting Tom's" family, and lusty voices, accompanied by a very wheezy harmonium, filled the house with acoustic waves of fundamental tones and harmonics.

"Oh! gracious!" groaned Charley, as he tossed from side to side. "That's the fourth time they've sung 'Pull for the Shore.' I don't like boating songs anyway."

"Chestnuts!" said Harry.

"Are you awake, too, Peter?" asked Charley.

"Yes, worse luck."

"What's to be done?"

"We may as well sing, too; this is a free country."

"Well, here goes for 'My Meerschaum Pipe,'" said Harry, and, assisted by the others, he trolled it forth.

Tom at once appeared at the door.

"Is there anything the matter, Mr. Peter?" he asked, anxiously. "You haven't got cramps, have you?"

"Cramps, indeed!" said Frank. "We thought we might have a song, too."

Tom laughed. As noted before, Tom always laughed when spoken to.

"Jane," he shouted, "shut up that harmomicum."

Thus silence was restored. But somehow or other the young fellows did not go to sleep even then. There is sometimes something worse than "harmomicums" in a country house, and city-fed bodies are rare eating! Dawn found the three haggard-eyed, hot-tempered, and ruffled generally, and it was not until breakfast had been eaten that harmony was restored.

Then came the four-mile tramp through bush and fern, down hollow and up hill, by creek and marsh, to the lakes. The party were loaded down with baggage, for they very wisely took provisions with them.

*(To be continued.)*

## "EVANGELINE."

After perusal of this thrilling and pathetic poem of Mr. Longfellow's, the sentiment of the reader will be naturally that of hostile feeling towards the government which perpetrated the inhuman act (the story in connection with which, and its sad consequences, are told in so graphic a manner by the writer), and of deep and blind sympathy with the Acadian peasants, who suffered from the carrying out of the harsh edict of the British King. But because the story of *Evangeline* records an historical fact, it is natural and reasonable, upon reflection, to enquire into the truth of the matter, with a view to discover whether Mr. Longfellow's version of the incident is a correct one, and if not, to find out in what respects it is a misrepresentation of the real facts. For, although the poet is at liberty to use his skill and inspiration in the embellishment of his productions, to heighten their effect, nevertheless, he is no less under obligation to rigidly confine himself to the truth when facts of history are concerned, than the prose writer who makes it his business to record such facts. If, in the execution of a painting, an artist should, by unfair manipulation of light and shade, give a wrong representation of a landscape, it would not be doing justice to one who wished to have an exact counterpart of the particular view reproduced on canvas. The picture, indeed, might be more beautiful than its original, but not wholly satisfactory, owing to its unnaturalness. And so, in regard to history, facts may be related with care and skill and attractiveness by the poet, but not at the sacrifice of truth; else they are apt to, and doubtless will, give



wrong impressions, even if they have an otherwise beneficial influence on readers at large. Not that Mr. Longfellow has flagrantly transgressed in this respect; but he has certainly painted the life and environment of the Acadian in such glowing colours, that the heinousness of King George's mandate stands out in somewhat unfair contrast. The plain realities of the condition and fate of the French colonists are touching enough, and need no exaggeration. That they were as pure, and virtuous, and blameless as he represents them to be in their home life and the life of the community, is a matter to be questioned; and indeed it has been proved otherwise. Dr. Francis Parkman, in an article, "The Acadian Tragedy," which appeared some time since in *Harper's Magazine*, gave an impartial account of the true particulars of the expulsion of the Acadians from Grand Pré. This account is based upon proceedings set forth in two large volumes of papers, about a thousand pages in all, copied from the archives of the Colonial Department at Paris. After denying the truth of the ideal picture of Acadian life drawn by Abbé Reynal, and copied and embellished by later writers, he proceeds to give a sketch of the social and religious life of the peasants, the following extract from which will be seen to be far different from the impression given by the poet. "Nor were they without a bountiful share of jealousy, gossip, and backbiting, to relieve the monotony of their lives, and every village had its turbulent spirits, sometimes by fits, though rarely long, contumacious even to the curé, the guide, counsellor, and ruler of his flock. Enfeebled by hereditary mental subjection, and too long kept in leading strings to walk alone, the needed guidance, not for the next world only, but for this; and their submission, compounded of love and fear, was comonly without bounds." He further shows how lenient the English were with the Acadians after the cession by France to the British Crown in 1713; how the peasants were entirely free from any onerous obligations consequent thereupon, but remained unmolested in matters spiritual and temporal; how the population was left substantially to the government of its own priest; how the Acadians, for many years, delayed to take the oath of allegiance to their new sovereign, and when they did, it was upon the condition that they should not be required to bear arms against their former countrymen, the French; how, when war broke out again in 1745, many of them put aside their oath, and sided with the enemy; how, upon the conclusion of the war in 1748, the British showed great forbearance, only insisting that all the adult male population should take an oath of allegiance, without any reserve or restriction whatever. Finally, he shows, as set forth in the archives referred to, that their incessant intrigue was carried on by the agents of Louis XV., to stir the Acadians into bitter hostility against the British government. The clergy became the agents of this plotting, and taught their parishioners, that fidelity to King Louis was inseparable from fidelity to God, and that to swear allegiance to the British Crown would be an eternal perdition. And all this was carried on, that in case of renewed hostilities between the two countries,

France might recapture Acadia. Le Loutre, vicar general of Acadia, under the Bishop of Quebec, is proved to have received, upon one occasion, from a French official 1800 livres, to pay for English scalps. Dr. Parkman says of this man: "With a reckless disregard of the unhappy people under his charge, he spared no means to embroil them with the government under which, but for him and his fellow conspirators, they would have lived in peace and contentment. An entire heartlessness marked the dealing of the French authorities with the Acadians. They were treated as mere tools of policy, to be used, broken, and flung away." Seeing all this, and having in mind the jeopardy in which the English provincials in Acadia found themselves, on account of which they solicited the protection of the government; and moreover, considering the relative belligerent positions of the two countries at the time, it is not to be wondered at, that the British Government took exceptionally harsh measures in securing to the Crown what had been lawfully and constitutionally ceded by the French. That such extreme and harsh measures, as the expulsion of the Acadians and the confiscation of their property, were justifiable, cannot be maintained; but viewed in the light of contemporary history, perhaps the most that should be said is, that the fate of the Acadians is a striking example of the misery that war has entailed upon the human race. To put the matter in the most reasonable light, the Acadians were not free from blame. If there were such faultless characters amongst them as Mr. Longfellow introduces us to, they must have been rare exceptions, and of course it cannot be denied that there might have been such; but it is evident that the narrative of "Evangeline" should not be taken as a true picture of Acadian life. So much, then, for the historical connection of the poem.

(To be continued.)

#### GLEANINGS.

Matthew Arnold opens one of his lectures in this way:—"Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate, there were voices in the air." May it not be that there are voices for us, too, at McGill, and that many of them are passing into silence because, having ears, we hear not?

It is good for men to live in an atmosphere where there are such utterances as these:—"Here is the mystery of the Universe—dust returns to dust, in an ever-recurring circle, to the accompaniment of pain." "There is good enough in the world; let us view men in the light of their better qualities, as we view the moving river, and not the ripples that break on its surface." "Let us be careful how we take away the luxuries of the poor." "Theory may go; facts may go; there will be one thing remaining—Character."

\* \* \*

Examinations possess, in the minds of students, an importance they do not deserve. It should be *felt*, that a man who does his work well, in any session,



should proceed to the next, as a matter of course, and that examinations are merely a form, to exclude men, not for failing in an ordeal, but because they neglected their work during the year. This consciousness, on the part of good men, would give a calmness of mind, without which they cannot gain the full advantage of the course, any more than a man swimming for his life can make extended observations on the specific gravity of the floating bodies, prevalently supposed to be present on such occasions.

\* \*

The other day, in answer to a student who asked how he should answer a certain question, the Examiner replied—"In any one of ten thousand ways, so long as that one way is good." An examination paper that admits of this many-sided treatment, is a model for all examiners, and requires for its framing a many-sided talent. Such a paper probes a man to the bottom, and brings out every important item of specific knowledge that he has on the subject in question.

\* \*

There is a rhythm in the Universe that extends to our bodily cells. It is literally true, that the spheres make music in their course, and the morning stars sing together. In Nature that monotone does not exist, which is the enemy of all life, and which makes of men, not living beings, but unthinking machines. This tendency to a regular recurrence seems to be the deepest law underlying our being. It holds, as well, in the mental life, because, for every mental act, there is a corresponding, correlated, physical one. Over all the vital processes come with rhythmic regularity, periods of activity and rest. The rhythm swells and increases; new parts are stimulated, weary ones are awakened into life, the machinery is working in beautiful harmony. The wave reaches its height, and begins to descend; one part after another drops into silence; the vital processes alone are in operation, and sleep comes. The rhythm decreases; these, too, are lulled into sleep—the individual is dead. From Life to Death, there is one great wave, rising higher and higher, and gradually subsiding to whence it came. This is the true music to which all things are tuned, and death is not an untuning, but a passing into silence, or into a harmony too fine for mortal ears. Night follows day; the tides go and come; the seasons return; cold follows warmth; repentance follows excess; generation succeeds generation; one form of life depends upon another; there is the pulsating of heart, blood-vessels, and organs of the body; the reappearance in offspring of hereditary tendencies; and subject to all these are numberless recurring circles in the progress from waking to sleeping—from Life to Death.

\* \*

This principle of rhythm extends far into our emotional and intellectual life, and many manifestations of this nature owe their existence wholly to it—such as poetry and music. It is seen nowhere more clearly than in the maxim of poets—the "sound should imitate the sense;" that is, the poem should be in har-

mony with the rhythm, set up in the organism, by the ideas it contains. Its application is readily seen in the following lines:—

"Autis epeita pedonde kulindeto laas anaides."

—Odyssey, II., 593.

suggests at once the rolling stone, and this line the sea:—

"Be d'akeon para thina poluphloisboio thalasses."

—Ilias, I. 34.

The galloping of a horse is well imitated by Virgil—

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu qualis ungula campum."

—Aen., VIII., 596.

The Greek choruses were constructed especially with this object in view.

In Tennyson we have this description of Sir Bedivere carrying the dying knight:—

"The bare black cliffs clanged round him as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang,  
Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels."

Pope explains and illustrates at the same time the twelve syllable line:—

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

The maxim is well laid down in these lines—

"Soft is the stream when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers lined,  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar."

There is another good instance in "Midsummer's Night Dream"—

"The raging rocks,  
With shivering shocks,  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates."

In Dryden, the rhythm pervading nature is referred to, and the effect of the organ stops well brought out:—

"From harmony—from heavenly harmony—  
This universal frame began;  
From harmony to harmony,  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man."

Referring to the sound of the trumpet—

"At tuba terribile sonitu tārātāntārā dixit."—Ennius.

"Sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit hu mi bos."  
—Virg., Aen. V., 481.

Observe rare caesura on last foot, and effect it produces:—

"Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! splash! along the sea."  
—Scott, "William and Helen."

Chorus of frogs—

"Brekekekex; koax; koax."—Ar., Ran. 269.

Squealing of pig—

KORA.

"Koi, koi."

MEGAREUS.

"Autā oti Choiros."

—Av., Ach. 780.

Further instances are found in E. A. Poe's "Bells," and in Tennyson's "Owl in Belfry."

[We thought it better to print the Greek lines in English type than to omit them.—EDS. UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]



## McGill News.

### FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

Theo Dora is the name of the ladies' missionary society. The members lay great stress upon its being written as two words.

Mr. Lafleur has kindly altered his lecture hours in this department since January, in order that the Delta Sigma may continue to meet at four o'clock.

Mrs. Ross, who was for three years a member of the class of '88, spent a few days in town on her way home from Bermuda. She was warmly welcomed by many of her college friends.

Dr. Kelly, of the High School, has presented the Theo Dora Society with two volumes, "A Missionary Band" and "The Crisis of Missions." The books were accompanied by a note expressing kindest wishes of success. The society is also indebted to an unknown friend for a copy of "China's Spiritual Need and Claims."

Some time ago the Delta Sigma announced a prize essay competition on the subject: "Higher education in relation to domestic and social life." The committee decided that no prize should be awarded unless there were at least twelve competitors, and more than that number of ladies promised to write. Four essays have been sent in to the secretary. The committee had gone to a good deal of trouble in the matter, and it seems a pity that their efforts failed to awaken interest in a subject, upon which every intelligent lady student should be prepared to give an opinion.

### DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

At the usual fortnightly meeting, on Feb. 23rd, essays were read by Miss C. Richardson, '91, on "Mme. Schumann;" and Miss J. Bailey, '91, on "Catherine de Medici." The subject and speakers for an extempore debate were then drawn, with the following result: "Should not all punishment be reformatory?" Affirmative, Misses McLea, Derick and J. Botterell. Negative, Misses Mooney, Abbott and Finley. The debate was conducted with much spirit, and after the vote had been taken in favor of the negative, the discussion became general.

## Societies.

### UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

Mr. Selkirk Cross, lectured on the 24th February, before the University Literary Society, on Edward Gibbon, the writings of the great chronicler of the "Decline and Fall" being analyzed and described.

### COLLEGE Y.M.C.A.

#### PROGRAMME OF MEETINGS.

- March 11.—To be chosen.....Rev. Dr. Macvicar.  
 " 18.—Missions.....J. McDougall, B.A.  
 " 25.—Farewell meeting for Medicals.

Come and hear, and we are sure you will want to come again. This is to especially invite *you* to be present. Sunday meetings in City Y.M.C.A. Rooms, Victoria Square, 4.30—5.15 sharp.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening in No. 1 room, Arts building, 7 to 7.30, only half an hour; just as you are through tea, come up.

D. J. EVANS,  
President.

A. H. HAWKINS,  
Secretary.

### McGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Dr. W. G. Beers, one of the leading dentists of Montreal, delivered a lecture before this Society on Saturday evening, Feb. 18th.

The subject of the lecture was—"Dentistry in Relation to the Practice of Medicine," and the position which dentistry holds to the other departments of medical science was shown to be so intimate, that a knowledge of the diseases and troubles attending the first appearance and the decay of the teeth, often explains some otherwise obscure affections.

Dr. Beers then gave a short description of some of the conditions requiring immediate attention, which are likely to be met with by a country practitioner. The proper course of treatment to be pursued in each case was marked out, reference being made in most instances to cases which had come under the lecturer's own notice.

Lastly, the methods of extracting teeth were explained, the various instruments used being shown to those present.

At the conclusion of his lecture, a vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. Beers for his eminently practicable and useful paper.

### UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

The debate of the 17th February by the Undergraduates' Literary Society, was on the Chinese question. After a spirited discussion, it was decided that the tax is unjust. Pedley, Rodgers and Monk spoke for the affirmative; Bryson, Deeks and A. Hall, for the negative. McCallum read an excellent essay on the Chinese language. Gibson acted as critic. The new constitution received a six months' hoist after a prolonged discussion.

At a meeting of the Undergraduates' Literary Society of McGill College, 24th February, the debate was on the question. "Is a prohibitory temperance law preferable to a high license law?" The affirmative was supported by Harvey, Ellemwood, and Walsh, first year Arts; the negative by Gibson, R. S. Hall and Martin. After an interesting debate the question was decided in favor of the negative. McKenzie gave an able essay on the "Sun Dance" of the Blackfoot Indians, the materials having been collected by personal observation. H. V. Truell, 3rd year Arts, acted as critic.

The Undergraduates' Literary Society held its regular meeting on Friday, March 2nd. An exceedingly interesting essay—"History of McGill University"—was read by Mr. McDougall, of which the following is an index:—It was founded by James McGill, who



was born at Glasgow in 1744, and died at Montreal in 1813. He was described as a tall, graceful man, with a heavy head and square, massive face. He had no family dependent upon him, and he left the bulk of his property and £10,000 for the founding of a college. A charter was obtained in 1821 and in 1829 the college was founded. It consisted of one faculty of three professors, and lectures were delivered where the Fraser Institute now stands. A medical faculty was established at the same time, which shortly after coalesced with the Montreal Medical Institute. In 1839 the main building was erected, and opened four years later. Principal succeeded principal till 1855, when Sir William Dawson took control, and he has guided the University with firm hand and wise counsel for the past thirty-three years. At that time there was a crisis in affairs. The professors received no salaries, there were but seventeen students, and the funds were exhausted. This was the task that met the principal. McGill to-day bears witness as to how it was accomplished. Within four years following 1881 an endowment of \$200,000 was obtained. In 1862 the Molson Hall was built. The museum has been opened and medals established in six courses. In 1855 the museum consisted of one fossil, carefully preserved in the bursar's desk, and still preserved. In 1871 the engineering school was re-opened, and in the same year the Ladies' Educational Association was organized. In 1863 the observatory was built on the hill and on faith. It was for some time without a telescope. In the same year Dr. Hunt was engaged, at the principal's private expense, to teach chemistry. At that time the University owned all the land above Dorchester and between University and Mansfield streets, and there were only six houses above St. Catherine. Such was the early life of McGill, and to-day it stands a monument to the energy of the principal, the faithfulness of the professors and generosity of its friends.

The subject of debate was as follows:—"Resolved, that freeing the slaves in the United States, without a reimbursement to the slave owners, was an unjust act." The affirmative was supported by Messrs Gibson, Hall, and McGregor; the negative by Messrs. Craik and Harvey. After an interesting discussion, the negative came out victorious. Mr. Patterson, B.A., a former student, acted as critic.

#### THE Y. M. C. A.

About four or five years ago our association met weekly in one of the small buildings in the city association building. The meetings were small, the members few, but amongst them were such men as Kendall and Unsworth, earnest, good-hearted fellows, who felt that the work must go on. Year by year since that time has the work gone on quietly, steadily increasing and widening out, until to-day it far transcends the most sanguine expectations of its early promoters. From a few members it has increased until now it has almost reached 200.

Its doors are open to all, irrespective of denomination or nationality; to everyone, who wants to live a manly, straightforward life. This is its aim and

object, to help one another so to do. It appeals to the better nature of man, deals with those things which tend to elevate one both morally and spiritually.

It takes no part in the political life of the University. This is to be distinctly understood. It has no secrets; its aims, objects, manner of working—everything about it is open to all.

Its members are divided into active and associate. Active, all who are members of some evangelical church. Associate, those who are not members of any church, but who wish to identify themselves with the work of the Association; who sympathise with its object, and who wish to enjoy its privileges.

It is run on regular business principles. There is an executive committee composed of president, two vice-presidents, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, treasurer and assistant-treasurer. This committee meets on the 1st Tuesday of each month to discuss matters in connection with the Association. Then there is the devotional committee, membership committee and the social committee.

Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon in the city Association rooms from 4:30 to 5:20. This is presided over by one selected by the devotional committee from the members of the Association. These meetings are usually well attended, and will be remembered with pleasure by many after they have done with college life and get out into work.

Sometimes these meetings are addressed by an outsider. Among those who have addressed the meetings this session are: Sir William Dawson, the honorary president of the Association; Dr. McKillop, of the U. S.; Messrs. Redfern and Sanders, missionaries to China; Dr. Barbour, late preacher to the students and professors of Yale College, now principal of the Congregational College in this city.

Every Tuesday evening a short meeting is held for prayer in the Arts Building.

Two semi-annual meetings are held during the session, one in November and the other in February. Here the reports of the various committees are read and discussed, and other matters of interest in connection with the Association.

At the commencement of each session a brilliant conversazione is held in the Redpath Museum, to receive the freshmen. To this every student of the University is asked.

Occasionally social evenings are spent by many of the members at some of the homes of our wealthy citizens. Among those who have been especially kind are: Messrs. E. H. Botterell, R. H. Holland, John Kennedy and J. Jos. Claxton.

Such then is an outline of our work.

Every university now has its Y. M. C. A. A good many of them are putting up special Y. M. C. A. buildings. Yale has one which cost \$50,000. Toronto University is the first in Canada to have one. We hope McGill will be next.

Professor Moyse had a Social Meeting of the Graduating Class in Arts, on Saturday evening. On the same evening, Sir Wm. Dawson met the Third Year Students at his house, for Microscopic Study.



## Personals.

Hall, Med. '87, is "gathering in the golden" at Ormstown.

The freshmen (little f) have placed their veto on the Cook testimonial movement.

We are glad to find Professor Chandler in his place again after a somewhat serious illness.

H. C. Macdonald, B.A., '82, is contesting the Belfast district, P.E.I., in the Liberal interest.

Addy, Med. '90, has taken a position in the hospital which, we hope, will be very temporary.

W. Hall, Med. '87, who has settled in Brampton, Ont., is at present attending the New York Polyclinic.

Dr. Finley has been appointed Visiting Physician to the Montreal Dispensary, instead of Dr. Birkett, who had resigned.

Dr. Murray will lecture before the Undergraduates' Literary Society, 16th March, on the relations existing between such Societies and Universities.

At a meeting of the Faculty, on 28th Feb., Morrison, '88, was allowed his B.A. degree, *æger*, he having been compelled to leave College and take complete rest for twelve months.

The graduating class in Arts has lost two of its members by death during its College course, viz., Brown and Pritchard. Only nineteen are now left of its large freshmen class. The rest have been—left.

Professor Penhallow delivered the third of the Somerville Course of lectures on Thursday, 1st March, before the Natural History Society. The lecture was on "Climate in Relation to Vegetation," a subject in which the professor is perfectly at home.

Some complaints have reached us that a gentleman who did not pass at the head of his class, urged as an excuse that the examination was too easy. As a result, the work has been increased by one-fifth, causing an undue flurry of feathers in the East Wing.

## Exchanges.

We are glad to welcome again, the *Cornell Era*. This is the first for this session. Would our exchanges kindly inform us of any irregularity in the receiving of this paper, and send their own punctually.

Serious and solid, the *Presbyterian College Journal* comes. We are glad to see that many of the Alumni of the college take sufficient interest in it to contribute articles.

The *King's College Journal* sensibly advises its readers not to neglect the gymnasium. Fifty years ago it was fashionable for a scholar to be a gaunt-looking individual, with bow-back, wasted frame and dimmed eyes. Now, we want men capable of holding their own in the class-room and on the College campus.

From the capital of the Dominion comes *The Owl*. It hoots for the College of Ottawa. As one of our new exchanges, we wish it success.

## Correspondence.

*Editors of the University Gazette:—*

DEAR SIRS,—In your issue of the 22nd Feb., Mr. MacPhail takes to task *The Week's* Montreal correspondent for "information which is, in the main, incorrect, and comments which are wholly unfair." I am sorry my remarks were so thoroughly misunderstood by your correspondent. To others, I have reason to believe, the letter was quite comprehensible. However, since many who read the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE never see *The Week*, permit me to give them some idea of what I really did say.

The first of my statements quoted by your correspondent is that the two courses at McGill are kept separate. This he says is true; thus far we agree. But now I come to a maze of "Joint-Conversaziones," "Joint-Meetings," and "Joint-Management" that are not a little puzzling. A "Joint-Conversazione" I hold to be one having a joint executive committee. Now your correspondent says that "the University could not have allowed any such infringement on the terms of the endowment as a joint-management would have involved;" yet in the preceding clause he informs us that the authorities encouraged the "joint-meetings." Either Mr. MacPhail or the University is woefully inconsistent. I was informed upon the best authority that it had been the intention of the undergraduates—men and women—to give a Joint-Conversazione, but that the authorities forbade it. If the authorities did not look with horror upon a Joint-Meeting, but encouraged it, why was it not held? If, on the other hand, what took place on Monday evening was a Joint-Conversazione, why did the ladies give a reception on Saturday afternoon? For my own part I am very glad things were as they were, inasmuch as I had the pleasure of being present at two delightful entertainments instead of at only one.

It is not the case that I "attempted to create an impression that there is anything else than the truest relations between the students of the two departments."

The subtle difference which Mr. MacPhail has discovered to exist between the word "compliment" as applied to the Ladies' Reception, and the words of the "authorized report," I leave him to discuss with some long-suffering philologist.

Trusting you will pardon my thus having trespassed so long upon your time and patience,

I am, Sirs,

Yours truly,

LOUIS LLOYD.

[We publish the above as a matter of courtesy, not admitting, however, that it meets the position taken by Mr. MacPhail, nor commending the temper with which it is written. As to questions of fact, we know of no higher authority than the president of the conversazione committee, whose statement we published in our last issue. At the same time, it is quite justifiable for Louis Lloyd to attempt to put himself right



in the eyes of people whose hospitality he admits. Is this best done by evasions and a trifling playing with words? In a later issue of the *Week*, we are glad to notice that Louis Lloyd has decided, in future, to refrain from entering into questions unsuitable for the "*Uninitiated*."—EDS. UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

### TUTORING.

MR. W. B. T. MACAULAY,

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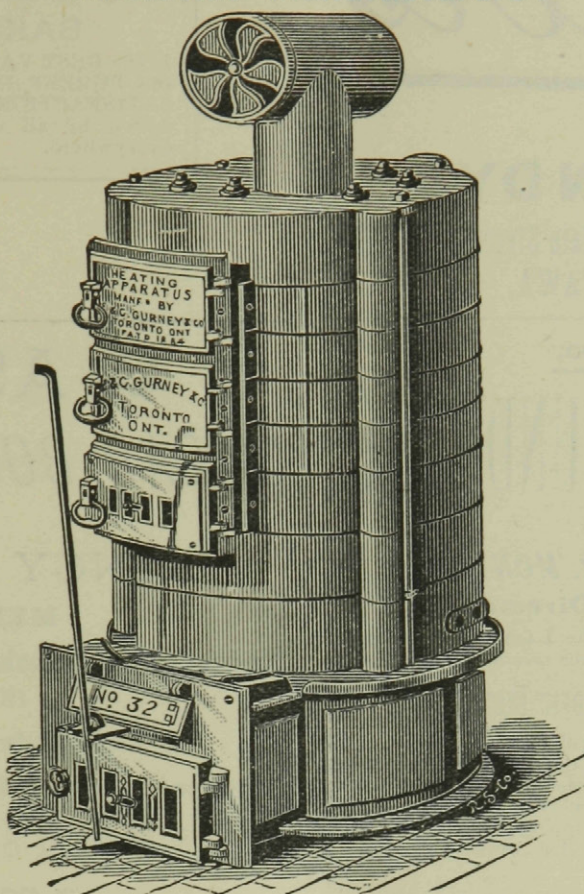
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